

to make their own bargains with their landlords. The Archbishop even classes Fenians with Orangemen, as if assassination and rebellion on one side were no worse than banquets, violent toasts, banners, party tunes, and processions on the other. Is this to condemn Fenianism, or to justify it; to assist in suppress-

ing it or to connive? It is by such tactics, added to those of lawful warfare in the field of politics, that the Irish Catholics lose the ground they gain, or might gain, in Parliament; and if the remonstrance before us is deserved by anybody, it is by themselves for the mode in which they choose to prosecute their own cause.

“AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.”—REV. XXII. 5.



O, the day, the day of life,
Day of unimagined light,
Day when death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night:

Steadily that day approacheth,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long:
Long implored, at length he hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

O how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be,
When they who, unseen have loved him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In his mansions to abide!

There shall be no sighs, nor weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want nor sorrow;
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed,
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture,
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, O call me,
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await!